

THE SALT LAKE HERALD

Published Every Day in the Year.

THE HERALD COMPANY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

DAILY AND SUNDAY.
One month \$ 2.50
Three months \$ 7.50
One year \$ 25.00

SUNDAY.

One year \$ 2.50

SEMI-WEEKLY.

(In Advance) \$ 1.50

Six months \$ 7.50

Address all communications to The Herald Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

EASTERN OFFICES.

Lettingwell's List, 35-37 Randolph Street, Chicago.

100 Nassau Street, New York.

Business Office Telephone, 257-2.

Manager's Office Telephone, 257-3.

Editorial Rooms Telephone, 257.

SENATOR DIETRICH'S TALK.

PEOPLE WHO DON'T STOP to think are very much amused over a Washington incident reported in the dispatches yesterday. It was related that a private by the name of Boardman testified before the senate committee on Philippine affairs that the canned salmon and the beef furnished the soldiers in the archipelago were not fit to eat. In proof of his assertions he submitted sample cans of the product. Then the astute Senator Dietrich of Nebraska sent the salmon and beef to the chef of the senate restaurant with instructions to prepare them for luncheon.

The Nebraska invited Boardman and Senator Beveridge to luncheon with him. All three ate of the condemned stuff and all three, including the unsuspecting Boardman, pronounced it excellent. Dietrich thought he had perpetrated the richest kind of a joke on his guests and the story was sent broadcast over the country. As a matter of fact the test was not a test at all. If Dietrich had been really in earnest he would have gone about his practical investigation in an entirely different way.

He should have secured a dirty iron kettle and a few quarts of muddy rain-water. Then he should have built a wood fire somewhere and started the mess to stewing, adding salmon and tinned beef to taste. If the result under such conditions had been satisfactory he would really have had something to smile about. The chances are that the senate chef could make an appetizing soup or entree out of pine chips. If he couldn't he wouldn't be able to hold his position, for the members of the senate are famous epicures.

The incident is a reminder of a more or less authentic story about Napoleon. It is said that on the return from Moscow the emperor's chef was compelled to exert all of his ingenuity to provide appetizing meals for his august employer. The provisions did not run low, they simply ran out. The chef managed to keep on serving something good every day, nevertheless. Finally two officers of Napoleon's staff made a wager, one of them taking the affirmative end of a proposition that the chef could serve a delicious entree with chopped bootleg as its principal ingredient. And he won the wager.

It is doubtful if the senate chef is so accomplished, but he certainly should be able to make good salmon and beef out of bad salmon and beef with the aid of the finest flavoring and sauces money can procure. Besides, it is quite possible that out of the thousands and thousands of cans one good one might have slipped in accidentally.

A LAND WITHOUT STRIKES.

ANOTHER GREAT STRUGGLE between labor and capital has been started in the east. Before it is concluded it will have cost millions of dollars and perhaps more than a few human lives. Many and many a pinch-famished family will know the pangs of hunger, many a child will go half-clad, many a small storekeeper will be forced into bankruptcy. Indeed, it is hard to estimate the real cost of a great strike, and with each recurrence of such difficulties one hears the question, Are they, after all, worth the sacrifice?

It must be remembered that the money lost through strikes is lost forever, as much lost as a wasted opportunity, as much lost as an hour spent in wanton idleness. No man can deny that gross injustices are often perpetrated by employers upon employees. It is also true that employees are frequently unreasonable. They demand concessions which cannot be granted without forcing absolute ruin upon the men who buy labor. Labor is a commodity which those who perform it have a right to sell in the best market and at the highest possible price. But the man who risks his capital, perhaps all he has in the world, is also entitled to consideration.

In contemplating the frequent battles between the workers and the employers in this country one is irresistibly reminded of New Zealand, which has been justly called "the country without strikes." New Zealand, for a number of years, has enforced a compulsory arbitration act. Its provisions are so eminently fair and just to labor and capital alike that the excellence of the law is universally recognized there and the New Zealanders have not the slightest desire to abrogate it. Attention has been called to this statute before by The Herald, but the recent outbreak in the east makes a repetition of its merits pertinent at this time.

The act provides for two courts for the settlement of labor questions. The first is a board of conciliation in which differences between employers and employees may be settled. The other is a board of arbitration where the differences must be settled. Suitable penalties are provided for infraction on employers and labor unions who do not obey the decrees of the board. For the purposes of conciliation the country is divided into industrial districts. Each of these elects by popular ballot three labor representatives and three capitalists. The six choose a citizen belonging to neither class, who acts as president of the board, and casts no vote except in case of a tie.

There is only one board of arbitration, or court of last resort. Its members are nominally appointed by the governor, but in reality he has little voice in their selection. Three persons compose the board, one labor repre-

sentative, one employer and one supreme court judge, each duly nominated by his own people. This board is vested with ample authority to settle all disputes, and it has settled a number of them to the thorough satisfaction of both contending parties.

It might not be possible to transplant the New Zealand law to this country in its entirety, because conditions here are different, but the United States could work into it or something similar to it by degrees, and in the end perhaps improve on New Zealand. Anything calculated to stop the endless waste of time and money involved in strikes is an end which is worth considerable sacrifice in attainment.

OLD MEN AS WORKERS.

THERE IS A WORLD of pathos in a story by the Philadelphia North American about George Frank, a machinist, who was arbitrarily retired by the Pennsylvania Railroad company because he had reached the age limit of 70 years. Most men when they can count three scores and ten years of life are willing to lay down their tools and enjoy a period of rest. Not so, Frank. He was as strong physically at 70 as he was at 60.

For more than twenty years he had spent six days in every seven in the railroad's machine shop. During all that time no complaint about his work was offered. As regularly as the minute came around he was on hand and ready for work. He asked no odds of the younger men and they gave him none, for he could hold up his end with the best of them. An unalterable rule required that he leave the service on a pension at 70 and so he was forced out.

The old fellow was disconsolate. "There are enough people who don't like to work," he said, sadly, "so those who want to should be let alone until they wear out. I can do many a good day's work yet." But Frank was not taken back. Two hours after he drew his first pension check he was found dead in his room. An empty vial that had contained carbolic acid lay on the bureau nearby. Rather than spend the balance of his days in idleness he had taken his own life.

There is a lesson in this story which employers should not be slow to see. The demand these days is for young men, for "fresh blood," for sturdy, breezy, strenuous youth and vigor. That is well, but the mere fact that a man is young does not argue that he is well fitted for the position he occupies. The test is ability. If the old man is able to do his work why not keep him until his usefulness is shown? The young man will be old some day. Let us all remember that.

ART IN THE SCHOOLS.

MUCH INTEREST is being taken in the drawing competition which The Herald has instituted in the public schools. The prizes offered are stimulating the young artists to earnest work, and the results cannot fail to be beneficial to them. Art education in the public schools is not new in this country, having been introduced shortly after the Centennial exposition at Philadelphia, but it has undergone many changes for the better. Then it was largely formal, and intended only to help the children toward a better industrial footing. Now it is conceded that an art training is necessary for the active duties of life, either professional or mechanical.

The power to express thought by any or all of the art methods tends to an all-around development of the human being, and at the same time it belongs to the most practical side of education. To see correctly is a mental process, the pupil registering his thought upon a subject in a drawing shows in the best possible way what he really conceives the subject to be. The art course in the Salt Lake schools includes all the necessary requirements, such as object, or form drawing, decorative and constructive work.

Pupils draw from both natural and manufactured objects, type forms being studied because of their relation to all forms. Historic ornaments and famous buildings are studied through pictures, because such study tends to make the children appreciative of what the modern life owes to the past. Mechanical drawing is studied because it opens the door to the great world of work, and gives the pupils an idea of the language of the architect and engineer.

In offering prizes to the children The Herald is actuated by interest in the schools. The competition will also afford patrons an idea of what is really being done. From time to time the drawings will be reproduced in this paper, and its readers will be enabled to judge for themselves as to the value of the work.

A local contemporary insists that ex-Senator Shoup of Idaho is entitled to all the credit for the opening of the Fort Hall reservation. If the statement was made on the theory that nothing but good should be spoken of the dead, The Herald has nothing to say. If, however, it was actuated by a desire to toss a bouquet, then The Herald respectfully suggests that, to be consistent, it should award ex-Senator Brown or ex-Senator Cannon credit for the passage of the bill throwing the Uintah reservation open to public entry.

At the urgent request of Senator Hanna, the case of the convicted post-office thief, Rathbone, is to be reviewed. If Roosevelt is finally bullied into pardoning that felon, it will be a most beautiful example for the new Cuban republic. It will likewise be an encouragement to other government employees who may be contemplating larceny.

Notwithstanding the death of the Brazilian aeronaut in Paris the other day, plans are progressing for the airship contests at the St. Louis exposition. The rich purse prize of \$100,000 will doubtless tempt a number of daring men.

A Pennsylvania young woman saved the lives of thirty men by notifying them that the roof of a powder magazine in their near vicinity was on fire. According to all well established rules, she will now be obliged to wed every one of the thirty.

President Roosevelt is planning a hunting trip into Wyoming for this summer. It is to be hoped that he can be persuaded to stop in Utah long enough to exterminate the colt-eating mountain lions in the southern part of the state.

Society

The Utopia club held its meeting yesterday afternoon with Mrs. Fred Wey at the Wey hotel. The large parlors were beautifully decorated with white lilacs and white carnations. The game of the afternoon was euchre, and the first prize was won by Mrs. Callahan. The lone-hand prize fell to Mrs. L. P. Kimball, and the consolation to Mrs. F. L. Libby. The prizes were dainty water color sketches and a handsome plaque. The next meeting will be with Mrs. Hamilton at 226 Tenth East street, May 28.

Mrs. W. Mont Perry will entertain at luncheon tomorrow.

Mrs. Lucy G. Young has gone to Provo to visit her daughter, Mrs. Susan Young Gates.

Mrs. D. J. Sharp will entertain at luncheon Tuesday in honor of Mrs. William G. Sharp.

Mrs. McMillan will give a luncheon this afternoon.

Mrs. Andrew Jennings and daughters will entertain this afternoon.

There will be a meeting this afternoon at 3:30 of all committees having in charge the arrangements for the Mothers' congress, which will convene in this city on May 23 and 24. The committees will meet in the city and county building.

Dr. E. W. Wilkey will address the patrons, teachers and pupils of the Franklin school at a meeting of the Parents' club tomorrow afternoon on the cigarette habit.

Mrs. J. D. Spencer entertained the giving club at an informal Kensington yesterday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. Willard Young.

Mrs. Thomas Jennings will entertain at a porch party this afternoon in honor of Mrs. Willard Young, who is her guest.

TOBACCO FROM HOLLAND.

To The Salt Lake Herald: Will you please give some reasons for the United States importing tobacco from The Netherlands or Holland? This question is affirmed by Tilden's commercial geography. Please answer tomorrow, if possible.

IRWIN C. GAUMER, Student High School, Salt Lake City, May 14.

All the tobaccos grown in Sumatra and Java, which are Dutch dependencies, is marketed at Amsterdam, in Holland. As the Sumatra leaf is required by tobacco manufacturers in making cigars, it has to be bought in Amsterdam, and hence the imports of tobacco from a country that itself produces none.

THREW DOWN HIS HAND.

The Time When His Four Aces Were No Good.

(Washington, D. C., Times.) "I am a believer," said the colonel, "in man's mutual goodness. I had the pleasure once in knowing an honest gambler, and I liked him, too, for he was a gentleman. The days of this class of gamblers, however, are passed. I was a Mississippi river gambler, one of those gamblers of the old school, who played in fact, lived on the big 27 steamboats. He wouldn't have left at home to conceal the truth about himself. It was simply, 'Gentlemen, I am a gambler by occupation, and a good one. If you care to have me play with you, it will give me great pleasure. If you don't, it doesn't make a particle of difference.'"

"I was then doing some newspaper work in some of the larger southern cities, and my business frequently carried me aboard the vessels, and in this way I came to know Moore very well. I occasionally took a flyer or two, but I knew that the games were too far for my reach. I discovered that when Moore played with the average man, luck being equal, he would win 50 times out of 100. I liked Moore's society, and he was a wonderfully entertaining talker.

"On summer nights the steward used to serve dinner on deck to those who preferred to have it there. After dinner we would go up to the hurricane deck, and when Moore was on board he would bring out his flute and play for us. When the moon was out and threw a thin, blue glow over the water, or when the boat, carrying the darkness, swept so close to the shore that it brushed the dark willows on the banks, the rising and falling notes that came from his instrument were gentle music to the ear.

"I never knew him to propose a game of cards. He would play his flute until some one suggested a game, when he would take his instrument apart and put it away in an indifferent manner. "I watched him at play one night when satan seemed to throw every card to this calm, self-possessed man. There was a cool matter-of-fact way about him which froze the ardor of everyone else except a young man about 25 years old. This player was all luck, but with flushed face and feverish eye, he made his bets furiously, only to lose every time. It soon became evident that he was playing beyond his means. Moore must have noticed it, for he ceased to bet heavily against the younger man. This angered the other to the limit.

"There was a pot of \$300 once, and everyone had dropped out except Moore and the young man. Moore had been playing his hands passionately, but sure. No man except his opponent, perhaps, could doubt that he held the winning hand. Suddenly, when his rival bet \$50, Moore laid down his hand, saying: 'I won't bet. I have nothing. You played that well.'"

"The young man reached out feverishly for the pile of money, and then his hand lay on the table. "That is not true," he said. 'You have a good hand, and you are afraid to play it against me.'"

"Moore shot a hot glance across the table at him, and two red spots flashed into his cheeks. "If I lay down my hand," he said slowly, but with a slight tremor in his voice, "and I say, 'added the other in a low tone, 'that you are a gambler, and therefore a coward.'"

"Rush," I said, laying my hand on the young man's sleeve, and telling him what you are saying. He is not a coward by any means. "The young man shook off my hand vehemently, and exclaimed: 'He is a coward, and I'll answer for my words at the first landing.'"

"I looked at Moore. I had seen him sit on the hurricane deck, a revolver in hand, and as a waiter threw champagne bottles over the rail, raise his arm swiftly and shatter the falling glass with a bullet. There were graver stories, too, about his deadly aim in duels. He sat stiff and motionless with a terrible fire in his eyes. I was amazed by his next words: "Does the game go on?" he asked quietly.

"Not with you," said the young man, bending forward, the veins in his forehead swelling. "Not until I prove that you are afraid to bet, and with a sudden motion he threw his hand across the table and seized Moore's cards, turned them, face upward on the table.

"I was on my feet at that instant to arrest Moore's arm, but he knew that he would draw his revolver at the instant. But a hush fell over those around him. Four aces lay there—an invincible hand, for straight, were not played. There was a blue line in Moore's white lips and the young man looked bewildered. Suddenly the latter burst into tears.

"We can't play together any more," he cried. "You threw money into my pockets because I was losing too much. I can't take it," he said, arising from his chair. "You can," said Moore, in an even voice. "I laid down my hand. The money is yours. Besides," he added with a little shiver, "I held out an ace on you."

"Every man at the table knew that Moore had lied. We all got up and left the young man sitting there over the money, I found him shortly afterwards on deck, looking into the darkly whirling water.

"Give me your hand," I said. "What in the world do you mean? You never cheated at cards in your life."

"Put, tut, tut," he answered, with a laugh that was slightly harsh, "he's only a boy, and—and I loved his mother once."

CHAUNCEY AND THE TRAMP.

The Senator's Exchange of Information With "Weary Willie."

I cannot resist here telling a story concerning Chauncey Depew. It is too good to be original, but the senator must be in it, just as Lincoln was in all the stories of a past period. A tramp met the senator and asked him, in that cold, yellow-toothed way:

"Would you kindly assist a"—etc.

Chauncey, of course, is an easy mark, and, as he fanned himself after extracting the quarter, the tramp inquired:

"And who may I say was so kind hearted?"

"Oh, never mind. That's all right."

"But in after years, when I recall those whose tender hearts"

"Never mind, my good fellow!"

"Then I cannot accept it, sir. I must let my friends know."

"Well, tell 'em it was Grover Cleveland, and let it go at that."

The tramp put the quarter back in his pocket leisurely and shook his head.

"Now, my good fellow," said the senator, "may I ask your name?"

"A gentleman in distress is loath to confess."

"Yes, but if I have your name I may be able to help you."

"No, my pride will not permit."

"But allow me to know whom I have had the pleasure of meeting in this happy way."

"Oh, well, tell 'em it was Chauncey Depew, and let it go at that."

Chauncey fanned himself and let it go.

Necessities.

(Puck.)

"Farmers pretty hard up?"

"But none actually suffering for the necessities of life, I hope?"

"Well, I dunno! They're farmers out in my section at hain't had their wives' 'n' hired in crayon for more'n four years now."

He Had Troubles.

(Ohio State Journal.)

"I am going to marry your daughter, sir," said the positive young man to the father.

"Well, you don't need to come to me for sympathy," replied the father. "I have troubles of my own."

SALT LAKE THEATRE

GEO. D. PYPER, Manager.

Friday and Sat., May 16-17,

Saturday Matinee,

WILLIAMS

AND WALKER

And Their Company

50—PEOPLE—50

In the new and original musical farce comedy,

SONS OF HAM.

Direction Hurlst & Seamon.

A grand chorus of thirty trained voices.

A load of special scenery and electrical effects.

A spectacular cake-walk ballet.

Prices, 25c to \$1.50. Matinee, 25c to 75c. Children, 25c anywhere.

A GOOD

MANY PEOPLE

Are getting in the notion of telling

Chef Benedetti to fix them up

"something good." He does it to

their satisfaction, too.

THE TAVERN,

21 East First South.

One Dollar

A Week

For a

Genuine

Diamond

Ask us about the plan.

LYON & CO.,

Diamond Merchants, Mtg. Jewelers,

143 Main St. Telephone 1070-Z.

Warm

Weather

Is here, and of course you all drink

Root Beer and Soda Water, and as you

are certain to want the most delicious,

healthy and refreshing beverages on the

market, "see that you get it." "It's

HEWLETT'S," and KICK if you don't

get it.

For sale by all up-to-date dealers.

HEWLETT BROS. CO.

Dr. J. B. KEYSOR,

DENTAL

PARLORS,

340 S. MAIN ST.

Next door north of

Walker House.

Good Set of

Teeth for

\$8.00

Amalgam or Silver Filling, \$1.00

Gold Filling, \$1.50 and up

Teeth cleaned, \$1.00

Bridge work, per tooth, \$2.00

Bridge work, per tooth, \$2.00

Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.

Good as Gold and unvarying in its hold

on public confidence is

Husler's

Flour!

Like Gold, it has created a standard of

its own. Makes delicious and wholesome

bread and is economical in baking. Money

back on Husler's any time.

Good as Gold and unvarying in its hold

on public confidence is

Husler's

Flour!

Like Gold, it has created a standard of

its own. Makes delicious and wholesome

bread and is economical in baking. Money

back on Husler's any time.

Pabst beer is always pure

Brewed from carefully selected barley and hops—never permitted to leave the brewery until properly aged.

ESTABLISHED 1864

F. Auerbach & Bro.

ONE PRICE TO ALL. NEVER UNDERSOLD

SPECIALS FOR Today.

MAY 15, FROM 2 TO 5 O'CLOCK.

Price Wonders to Astonish You!

Values That Are Stunners!

Shirt Waists.

20 dozen Prints and Blue Chambray and

Gingham Waists, button down front and

back, beautifully tucked and pleated, per-

fectly made. Under ordinary conditions

this waist would sell for \$3.00 to \$4.00.

Special from 2 to 5 p. m. Thursday.

LADIES TURN OVER COLLARS.

120 dozen of them in large variety of pret-

ty designs, values ranging up to 25c each.

On sale for two hours only at.